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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1914.

A man is seldom crossed in love of self.

And speaking of tainted money, gold is yellow.

And there's many a slip 'twixt the service and the tip.

Somebody ought to tell those Mexicans that their war is over.

Ulster has decided to postpone her fight until a more peaceful time.

Uncle Sam is neutral, but he doesn't belong to the neutral gender, b'gosh.

Barbers are not generally classed as barbarians, but some of them are.

A man who is sharp enough himself never complains of dull business.

When a man realizes that he has been done he wants to roast somebody.

It looks as if Great Britain is going to capture the pennant in the naval league.

International law may be an interesting study—but is there any such thing?

It is an ill wind in Europe, and if it is blowing anybody good we can't see it.

Will this muss cut us off from the annual farewell tour by Sarah Bernhardt?

Japan will no doubt be interested in the report that the Russian navy has been bottled up.

It looks as if Uncle Sam is going to pay ransom money for some of his subjects in Europe.

And as little as you may think it, there are still lots of people who are interested in baseball every day.

It is announced that petroleum is contraband of war. Of course. Haven't we been paying war taxes for it?

We believe we are all having better health since Dr. Wiley quit telling us of the many things the matter with us.

In New York a pedestrian threw a lighted match into a baby carriage, the infant narrowly escaping being burned to death, and four children were poisoned by eating candy they bought from a peddler. Yet New York's population is rapidly increasing.

A former United States Senator is being sued for a balance of \$300 of his \$500 subscription to a Y. M. C. A. building fund. He refuses to pay, because, he says, the building will ruin his children's property. Announcement that he is not going to run for office again is unnecessary.

Col. Roosevelt has announced that he is anxious for an early trial of Chairman Barnes' \$50,000 libel suit against him, but in view of the fact that he has not yet filed his answer and has asked for a change of venue from Albany County, Mr. Barnes' home, the indications are that the trial will come too late to affect the chances of the Colonel's man, Hildman, in the primaries next month.

If the movement recently begun in New York to induce Elihu Root to permit his name to go before the voters at the primaries as a candidate for the governorship, succeeds, and he should be nominated, Col. Roosevelt might have to revise his campaign plans. He has denounced the Republican and Democratic organizations as equally vicious, but with a man of Mr. Root's caliber the nominee of the regular Republicans, the Colonel might well hesitate to accept responsibility for defeating him by a too vigorous vote-seeking tour in behalf of his man, Hildman.

The pitiable case of a hard-working, law-abiding citizen who fell victim to the propaganda of the fadists is reported from Maine. Lem Hutchins read somewhere that whiskeys are insipid, so one night he sacrificed the proud growth of a quarter of a century and went quietly home and to bed. Awakening at dawn Mrs. Lem saw an unfamiliar face on the pillow beside her. She placed her feet in the middle of Lem's back and followed this up with a kick that rolled him downstairs. Then she kicked him over the fence, where he lay until he told a neighbor who he was. Relations between the couple are still strained and Lem's hip is broken. He says he is through reading the "helpful hints" column.

At a meeting of I. W. W. in New York Miss Kate Davis, commissioner of correction, was denounced as the "Asquith of America" and "criminally responsible" for the condition of Becky Edelson, the young anarchist hunger striker on Blackwell Island, whom Miss Davis is accused of forcibly feeding. If Becky really had refused to eat and Miss Davis had refrained from forcible feeding she would, of course, have been denounced as a murderer; but the chances are the young agitator has been taking her meals pretty regularly since the commissioner of correction refused to permit news concerning her to be given out from the prison. Miss Davis behaves like a woman who is not to be bluffed, and if she has not already abolished the hunger strike she may be depended upon to do so by sticking to her present methods.

Should Punish Extortion.

Two resolutions introduced in the House yesterday, by Representatives Kelly and Farr, directing the Secretary of Commerce to inquire into the cause of the steady advance in prices of food products, serve to call attention to a condition which is causing the public grave concern and which it is disposed to regard as unwarranted. It should not even be necessary for Congress to adopt either resolution. The machinery of the government should be put in motion for the purpose of ascertaining whether, in the face of abundant crops, already assured or prospective, dealers in foodstuffs are using the European war as an excuse for practicing extortion upon the consumers. If this is the case the culprits should be discovered and prosecuted, and if in all our mass of business legislation there is no law to reach and punish them, one should be enacted without the delay of a day.

The Chicago Butchers' Association has called a meeting for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of advancing meat prices, indicating that it may not be a simple matter for the government to fix the blame, but every effort should be made to do so.

The war in Europe is not yet a valid reason for advancing the price of foodstuffs in this country, even should it become so later. On the contrary, it should have the tendency to lower prices, so long as our export shipments are held up and the country is wrestling with the problem of providing vessels to convey our products to foreign markets.

Railways and the Mails.

It may reasonably be assumed that not even Senator Cummins or Senator La Follette will find fault with the activities of the Committee on Railway Mail Pay in seeking to restrain Congress from taking hasty action upon the Moon bill, which would compel the railroads to transport the mails at a rate of compensation to be determined by the Postmaster General. The railroads are opposing the Moon bill for the excellent reason that the author of the measure has estimated that its effect would be to reduce the mail-carrying revenues of the roads \$3,000,000 a year, and this item has assumed serious proportions, since the disappointing decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission regarding increased freight rates.

The railroads have many other reasons for objecting to the Moon bill—concerning which they were denied a hearing—and among them is one which especially appeals to the common sense of the public. For two years past a Congressional commission, of which Hon. Jonathan Bourne, jr., is chairman, has been conducting an exhaustive investigation into the question of compensation for mail carrying, and now when the commission is about ready to submit its report to Congress, action is being urged on the Moon bill, prepared without reference to the work of the Bourne Commission. Such proceeding surely indicates the absence of any desire to ascertain the truth, to profit by an investigation of an extremely intricate subject or to legislate with any regard for the equities of the case. Two years' work of a Congressional commission is to count for naught.

The present system of determining the rates to be paid the roads, by a weighing process every four years at a large expense to the government, is antiquated and indefensible, and apparently inflicts an injustice upon the roads, whose officials claim they are at present underpaid about \$15,000,000 a year. The Moon bill perpetuates the objectionable features of the present system and reduces the roads' revenue by several million dollars annually.

Whatever may be the view of the postal authorities and the advocates of the Moon bill, it is a safe assertion that the American people are making no demand that the railroads carry the mails at a loss. They, of course, cannot refuse to perform this public service, and in their present condition of depleted revenues and increased operating expenses, it certainly would appear to be an injustice to deny them a hearing upon a measure that would compel them to transport the mail at a rate which they claim can be so determined by the Postmaster General as to amount to confiscation.

At all events, intelligence and simple economies dictate that action on the Moon bill should await the forthcoming report of the Congressional commission.

War Will Cut Off Drinks.

The theater of war in Europe includes the most historic vineyards of the world and we are threatened with a famine in champagne, burgundy, moselle, hock and other famous wines as well as in German beer and Scotch whisky, because the British army will appropriate all the fighting liquid of Scotland. Here at home California is threatening to go dry, and Capt. Hobson is making war for national prohibition. It is a hard world for the man who wants something stronger than water. But still, there are other substitutes. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" referred to the French wine with enthusiasm, and in reply to the divinity student's question if he believed in a diet of rum, makes the old autocrat say:

"Rum, I take to be the name which unwashed moralists apply alike to the product distilled from molasses and the noblest juices of the vineyard. Burgundy, 'in all its sunset glow' is rum. Champagne 'soul of the foaming grape of Eastern France' is rum. Hock, which our friend the poet speaks of as—

The Rhine's breast-milk gushing cold and bright, Pale as the moon and maddening as her light

is rum. Sir, I repute the loathsome vulgarism as an insult to the first miracle wrought by the Founder of our religion. I believe in temperance, nay, almost in abstinence, for healthy people. I trust that I practice both. But let me tell you there are companies of men of genius into which I sometimes go, where the atmosphere of intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol, that if I thought fit to take wine it would be to keep me sober. Among the gentlemen I have known, few if any were ruined by drinking. My few drunken acquaintances were generally ruined before they became drunkards. The habit of drinking is often a vice, no doubt—sometimes a misfortune—as when an almost irresistible hereditary propensity exists to indulge in it—but oftentimes of all a punishment."

The old autocrat then remarked: "Men get intoxicated with music, with poetry, with religious excitement, oftentimes with love. Ninon de l'Enclos said she was so easily excited that her soup intoxicated her, and convalescents have been made tipsy by a beefsteak."

So, if Dr. Holmes is to be accepted as an authority, the destruction of the vineyards of France, the breweries of Germany, the stills of Scotland, and prohibition in the United States would not prevent men from getting tipsy unless we also abolish soup, beefsteak, music, poetry, and religion.

Switzerland mobilized her yodelers, and the German army went the other way.

Chasing the Storm.

Leaving Albany we saw a thunder storm coming down from the Mohawk Valley. The engineer began to give the big locomotive steam at once, and our regular time was fast. I had the fireman sent, which is on the left. The view ahead is identical with the engineer's, straight and away along the glistering steel. Promptly I became conscious of a race with the storm as it swept down from the Catskill Mountains and across the Hudson just ahead of us. Should we catch it? Could we run into the cloud of rain?

The shadow of the obscured sun began to darken the locomotive cab. But the sunbeams were still gleaming on the polished "brass end" of the elegant train behind us. It was a singular phenomenon. Storm-darkened was the front of the flying train, sun-bathed was the extreme rear end. It was as if the tornado storm was afraid of us and was attempting to escape us. It was as if we were venturing pursuing the storm and frightening it away on a retreat down the Hudson southward.

Every now and then we caught the rally of the rear guard of the cloud army and a rain of big drops pelted us. But the retreat was still successful. We could not really succeed in charging in on the storm. As we chased it the ground along the line was wetting in the flood that the retreating cloud had let fall. The trees were yet bending and dripping under the load of rain that our foe had hurled down, yet the sun was shining on the last car of our on-sweeping train.

Sixty miles an hour was our schedule. Sixty miles an hour was evidently the schedule that the storm had set for itself. So on and on flew the massive train, just keeping its nose, if you please, in the wedge of the storm. Had our driver let her out, as she could have been, up to seventy or eighty miles an hour, the grand creature, our locomotive, could have caught and penetrated the gray, hissing wall of hostile rain. I hoped the driver would catch up with the wolves. I could not content myself with silent eager watching, but sought to converse with the fireman.

I asked if we could not hope to catch the roaring, tree-bending, river-lashing tornado and pierce and divide and knock it endways. I did so want to conquer and pierce through and through a big storm. Our engine seemed so mighty, so capable of annihilating it. And the cowardly blackness and water and wind seemed so plainly afraid of me, for once, mounted as I was upon the engine of power.

Yet we never succeeded in putting the entire length of that train into the shadow and the rain. While the aforesaid brass end of the observation car was not always sun-gilded, it never got wet, all the way from Albany to Poughkeepsie, though frequently the tear drops of the edge of the storm were dashed on one window glass in front of me.

At last, as we approached Breakneck Mountain, the storm wheeled away in the west and assaulted Mount Beacon. It gave up trying to escape us by racing down the river. With a sad heart I viewed it moving off where we could not follow. At first I thought of proposing to the engineer that we switch to the old New England track at Fishkill and still go after our routed enemy. Before he could untangle himself from the Fishkill Mountains we could overhaul him. Certainly before he reached Hartford.

But that was not permitted. The storm got off our line. It escaped our brave pursuit. It let our beautiful river alone and allowed the sun to shine on all its silver expanse. No doubt the storm king mountain had given orders to his minions, the thunderclouds. The king did not wish us humans to entirely conquer. Hence he sent black masses by the left flank. And our big engine laughed and dried its tears.

Roosevelt and Calder.

Representative Calder, of Brooklyn, is hoping that the colonel will pick him out for the Progressive candidate for the Senate. If he will only stop to think of the row raised among Progressives over Human, another straight Republican, he may conclude that the colonel's tag is not worth as much as the colonel has been led to believe.—New York World.

"Cyclone Davis" Coming.

"Methodist Jim," otherwise "Cyclone" Davis, seems to have landed as a Congressman at large from Texas. "Cyclone" was one of the chiefest among the apostles of populism until that movement met its Waterloo in 1896. Then "Cyclone" went into the chrysalis state until he emerged in recent years as a "Progressive Democrat." Others of his ilk did the same thing. The fates that he, and they, used to sport appear not only to forget, but to forgive at will. "Cyclone" is among the "elect."—Houston Post.

Loyal Ireland.

Evidently John Redmond knew his people when he pledged Irish loyalty to the British government in its war against the common enemy. The cheerful response of the Irish dock workers to the demands of the naval authorities and the enthusiasm which the national volunteers showed for the reservists going to the front, indicate that old scores could be healed there might be a much closer union created between Celt and Saxon than any mere Parliamentary link.—New York Sun.

Hope of the Railroads.

The railroads in the Central Freight Association territory are expected to accept the invitation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and get a complete revision of their freight tariffs, with the probability of getting a good deal more than 5 per cent. The Interstate Commerce Commission is expected to benefit. For the rest, they may renew their efforts before the commission, but probably they had better give up the commission as at present constituted and devote themselves to the education of public opinion and hope for the effect of this upon Congress. Public opinion is a little more conservative than it was five or six years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

British and German Fleets.

A decisive naval battle in the North Sea cannot be fought by the British fleet until the Germans shall feel inclined to accept the challenge of their foes and put to sea. A fleet in being is of supreme strategic value to Germany. A Sally out of Wilhelmshaven is an ever-present contingency, and will hold the British admiral in the North Sea, so that the German naval forces in the Baltic will be foot-free and practically unopposed—the Russian navy being a negligible quantity. The German fleet is likely to remain under protection of the guns of Germany's naval fortresses; and the war against the British fleet will probably be conducted with mines, submarines, and dirigibles.—Philadelphia Record.

Valiant Resistance of Belgium.

The heroic manner in which the Belgians met the terrific onslaught of the Germans, declaring "no thoroughfare" through their country, adds new luster to national glory and may change the entire course of the present war. Liege is an international porters' lodge, and those at the gate have proved warlike faithful unto death. The immense garrison at their backs now rallies to the rescue of the survivors. They will not be called upon to hold the frontier forts unsupported. Belgium has given the world one more instance of a valorous patriotism out of all proportion to the size of the country it so passionately animates.—Public Ledger.

INDIANS AND COSSACKS.

Making Cavalrymen Out of the American Tribesmen.

Senator Lane, of Oregon, suggests that this country should have made cavalrymen of the Indians, instead of trying to make a race of farmers out of them. The infusion of warrior blood among the better Indians is credited with whatever farming success they have had. Our mistake, the Senator says, was trying to steer the Indian's energy into a new channel instead of applying his natural inclination to a useful purpose. If we had given him a horse, he adds, and allowed him to live as the Arab live, in his tent out of doors, carrying his family with him, we should have the finest cavalry in the world. A body loyal to the country and particularly adapted to its work and contented as a man always is when engaged in something to his liking.

The picture suggests too much the guerilla idea with entire approval, but in worth thinking about. A body of Indian cavalry under the restrictions of army regulations and a part of the army organization would be a promising experiment. It suggests the way in which the Russian Cossacks have done it. The Cossacks are hardly a finer and more effective body than an Indian cavalry would doubtless become. What has been done in the case of the Cossacks and the Indian tribes cannot be undone. But the time is not past when the idea of an Indian cavalry organized and governed under army administration, would be worth trying. Our American thoughts don't turn to the idea of an Indian cavalry. The idea of an army second to none in the art of defense of war. We have the finest military school at West Point, where we turn out a supply of officers educated in their calling, and a general organization to build a larger force on it. And we are seen just now in Europe, in the line of preparedness or the means to be prepared against the possibility. In any event, the effort to see if we should not utilize the raw material that we have for the cavalry arm is worth the consideration by the authorities.—Indianapolis News.

New York Hotel Arrivals.

New York, Aug. 11.—Washingtonians arrived and registered today as follows: Wallick—Latham—E. E. Jenkins—J. E. Demerit—Miss N. Savage—J. A. Simas—Great Northern—A. C. Bobys—A. C. E. Ware—A. Kosar—J. Bradley—S. Love—S. H. Pollock—J. E. Decker—Earlington—W. J. Eck—Broadway Central—Park Avenue—P. H. Hall—Grand Hotel—Mrs. J. E. Jackson—F. Menfee, Jr.—M. L. Robey—J. P. Jackson.

The merchants and buyers registered as follows: Miss A. Hazan, Mrs. C. Nohe, 215 Fourth Avenue; Mrs. M. Brooks, 29 West Thirty-second Street; Miss E. McGill, 234 Fourth Avenue; C. H. Frank, Herald Square; D. J. Grinsfeld, York.

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HISTORY BUILDERS.

A Famous Flute Player of the Last Generation.

By Dr. E. J. Edwards.

There was probably no considerable town in the United States in the late or for fifteen or twenty years thereafter, which did not have the opportunity to hear the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. No doubt there are very many persons in the United States who have with pleasure the delightful concerts which were given by this organization. Those who do thus bring to mind the enjoyable evenings they spent when listening to the quintette will not fail to recall the gray-haired, bright-eyed, very active member of the organization who played the flute. His name was Thomas Ryan, and his keen attention to every detail of the organization, and his generous appreciation of the applause which the audience never failed to give, caused him to be conspicuously associated with this club.

He was Thomas Ryan, and while the names of the other members of the organization may have been forgotten, there are many who will not fail to recall that Thomas Ryan was its flute player. In the summer of 1883, Patrick Sarnfield Gilmore and his band were engaged to play two concerts—one in the afternoon and the